

Twitter Threads and Nameless Fics

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/40775754) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/40775754>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , Bedelia Du Maurier
Additional Tags:	Young Will Graham , Dom/sub Undertones , Bottom Will Graham , Top Hannibal Lecter , Anal Sex , Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham , Consensual Underage Sex , Dom Will Graham , Sub Hannibal Lecter , Bottom Hannibal Lecter , Top Will Graham , Urophilia , Cock Warming , Consensual Non-Consent
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Ideas From Twitter
Stats:	Published: 2022-08-03 Updated: 2023-01-22 Words: 4,984 Chapters: 5/?

Twitter Threads and Nameless Fics

by [Bad_Wolf_Rising](#)

Summary

A series of Hannigram fics I've posted in twitter threads and fics I have no idea what to name. Ratings and warnings are in notes for each chapter :3

Young!Will/Hannibal

Chapter Summary

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Underage

“What’s in the oven, Hannibal?”

Hannibal looks over at Bedelia briefly. “Nothing you are going to want,” he replies.

Bedelia raises an eyebrow and slides off her chair. She makes her way over, opens the door, and just stares inside.

“Are those *dinosaur chicken nuggets*? ”

“Astute observation, Bedelia.”

“Why—“

The front door opens. Hannibal turns to his fridge, takes out a Gatorade and sits it on the island just as a dark haired boy walks in.

“Good morning, Dr. Lecter,” the boy says tiredly.

“Good morning, Will,” he says with a soft smile.

Will’s got his shirt off and he uses it to wipe sweat off his face. His hair sticks to his forehead and up everywhere else, like he just rolled out of bed and left, which Hannibal suspects is the case. Around his neck is a silver chain dog collar with a bone shaped dog tag. The timer on the oven goes off. Hannibal takes out the tray of chicken nuggets, puts them on a plate with barbecue sauce.

Bedelia picks up her purse off the island, walks over to Will. “How old are you, Will?”

“Old enough to—“ Hannibal clears his throat, effectively quieting Will’s smart remark. “I’m sixteen, ma’am.”

Hannibal licks his lips as the boy’s southern drawl makes an appearance. He wants to drink in the sight of Will, but if he does that now, Bedelia would surely never leave. She gives Hannibal a disapproving look, and he knows that she knows. Hannibal responds to her look out loud.

“Have a nice day, Bedelia.”

“You as well, *Jeffery* .”

Hannibal’s nose wrinkles in disgust. “I will not be insulted in my own home,” he calls out before she closes the door behind her.

At last, she’s gone. Hannibal sighs in relief, quickly circles around the island to his boy and kisses him. He cups his face and strokes his warm, red cheeks still damp with sweat. Will forgets about his food, wraps his arms and legs around Hannibal and latches on.

“Missed my stray pup,” Hannibal murmurs, pressing kisses along his neck.

Will huffs out a chuckle. “ ‘m not a stray anymore.”

Hannibal kisses along his pup’s jawline. “Mm, that’s right. You’re my good boy, aren’t you?” His voice drops, and Will practically melts against him. “Off. Sit.”

Will lets go of Hannibal and slips down to his knees. He looks so pretty with his full lips, blue eyes wide as he looks up at Hannibal. He waits ever so patiently for his next command.

“Clever boy.” Hannibal pets his head. “Very good.” His fingers trail down the side of his face, over his sharp jaw to the plush lips. Will opens his mouth, takes his index and middle finger into his mouth and sucks. Tongue circles around them as his pretty eyes flutter close.

Will’s so *eager* to please. Hannibal feels his pants grow wet. Will opens his eyes, and spots the wet patch growing in his pajama pants. His attention is now no longer on the fingers in his mouth. He pops off of them, leaving them coated in spit. He goes right for his cock. Will yanks his pajama pants down below his ass, eagerly takes Hannibal’s hard, leaking cock down his throat. Hannibal groans and leans against the island as Will works his cock down his throat with each bob of his head. He rests his hands on Hannibal’s thighs.

“Such a good pup,” Hannibal praises. “I’ve trained you well.”

Will hums around Hannibal. Hannibal’s favorite part of a blowjob from the boy is that he refused to use his hands. It’s so beautiful to watch him force his length all the way in until he gags and chokes. When Hannibal pushes his head off his cock, now coated in spit and pre, Will whines, tries to chase after it.

“Get your shorts and underwear off. Show yourself off to me. Preen like I know you want to.”

Will quickly gets out of the rest of his clothes. He returns to his kneeling position. He puffs his little chest out, leans back to show off his lean frame. He’s a little red from the sun, freckles showing on his shoulders. Hannibal looks over his pup as he proudly shows himself off. He clicks his tongue, presses his foot against Will’s hard cock. It takes a lot of effort on the boy’s part, but he’s proud he didn’t rut against it immediately.

“Look at you. You’re hard and we haven’t even started yet.”

“I’ve been waiting all week,” Will whines. “I even opened myself up for you, sir.”

Hannibal tilts his head. "Oh? Present."

Will obeys immediately. He rolls over, pressing his chest to the cold kitchen floor. He raised his hips high as he can, spreads his legs. Nestled inside his hole is gemmed anal plug. Hannibal smirks as he kneels down behind him. He presses on the plug, causing his pup to keen. Slowly, he pulls the plug out, sits it aside, and watched as Will's empty hole clenches around nothing.

Will back curves more, he rocks back towards Hannibal and wiggles his ass. Hannibal's tempted to give in, because he's been looking forward to today as well.

"Please, sir? Please breed me. I've been extra good all week." Will looks back at Hannibal. "I'm all ready to be stretched and filled."

Hannibal groans softly. He decides Will's earned it. He slides his cock through the slick mess of his hole before guiding himself in. Will moans as Hannibal bottoms out. He lifts himself up onto his hands, pushing himself back. Hannibal pushing firmly between his shoulder blades.

"That's not how pups are bred," Hannibal scolds.

Will instant drops back down, his dog tag clinking against the floor. Hannibal knows his knees will never forgive him for this. He pulls nearly all the way out and slams right back in. Will's back arches beautifully as he cries out.

"Good pup. You stay there and take what you're given," Hannibal says. He grips Will's hips tightly as he sets a harsh pace that has both Will and his knees screaming.

Will wants to push back, but he's such a good boy, he stays put. His arms stretch out, scratching at the floor as if trying to find purchase to hold on to. Hannibal reaches around to place a hand on Will's stomach. His pup is small, he can feel his cock bulging in his stomach with each rough thrust. Underneath him, he's a puddle, pliant and desperate.

Hannibal feels Will start to tighten around him. Will is mere seconds from orgasm. Hannibal stops abruptly. Before Will could protest, turns the boy over on his back, looking into teary blue eyes as he continues to fuck into him.

Will is taking each every thrust like a champ. He reaches up to grab hold of Hannibal's shirt along his back. The fabric offers little protection against Will's groping fingers. Nails dig in as he rips the fabric. His eyes roll back as his orgasm tears through his small body. His legs shake violently where they're wrapped around Hannibal's waist. There's no sound coming from that pretty mouth. He pushes Will's legs back until his ass is off the floor and his knees touch his chest. Will gasps and a loud, broken sob leaves him, and then nothing. Will's struggling to catch his breath, and Hannibal doesn't give him the time to as he wrecks his young pup.

Hannibal grabs Will's jaw firmly, tilting his head down to look into Will's eyes. His pupils are blown so wide, he barely sees the pretty blue of his irises. His eyes are glassy, and it's obvious that Will is experiencing such an onslaught of pleasure that he can't focus. Hannibal

let's his head fall back, gripping his thighs tight enough that there will be bruises come tomorrow. He takes Will's messy cock in hand.

Will's hands fly up to grip his arm. It doesn't take much until Will cries out with his second orgasm, adding to the stick mess spread across his chest and stomach.

"I can't—I can't—!" Will sobs as he briefly comes back to reality. " 'm sensitive, sir!"

"You can, Will. I'm so close," Hannibal grunts out. He's throbbing inside Will's small body, feels the knot tighten in his belly the closer he gets. He shifts his angle to give Will's abused prostate a much needed break. He reaches up, grips the boy's through tightly.

Despite the fact that his was over sensitive and sore, Will clenched around Hannibal as hard as he could manage. It's so tight, so *good*, that Hannibal comes almost instantly. His fingers flex into the boy's throat, nails dig into the soft flesh of his hips. He fucks through his own orgasm, pushing his seed as deep as he could before he slowly pulls out of his pup.

Hannibal watches as Will relaxes, his chest heaving as he gasps for much needed air. Hannibal's panting as he slowly hauls himself up. He pulls his pajama pants back up on his hips, picks Will up, and carefully makes his way to the sitting room to lay his boy on the couch.

Will's barely coherent, barely able to focus on Hannibal's soft voice as he speaks.

"Darling, stay with me," Hannibal says as he pats his cheek. "Focus, pup. What hurts? Tell me what hurts so I can give you proper aftercare."

Will's eyes keep drifting shut, opening wide, drifting shut. Hannibal chuckles softly as Will's speech is slurred. It's incoherent, and Hannibal decides to let him sleep. He can take care of Will when he wakes up. He shifts Will so he can slide underneath him, letting Will wrap himself slowly around Hannibal's leg and fall asleep.

Urophilia

Chapter Summary

Posted for @BimboWill and @quaffanddoff_ on Twitter!

Chapter Notes

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: None Apply

Piss-play was never really discussed. It was more an accidental discovery that Hannibal now found himself mildly addicted to, which is also fine with Will because that means when he's hyper focused on his work, he doesn't have to get up to relieve himself.

Win-win.

But Will has something planned. Hannibal knows it, because there's a basket of all of their towels sitting by the coffee table. He doesn't know what he's planning, but whatever it is is going to be messy.

Will's gone for a good portion of the morning, leaving Hannibal to wonder while he does his daily chores. When he finishes, Will's just walking through the door. Hannibal kneels by Will's favorite chair, waits patiently for his handler to come in and decompress. Will has his routine: come in, boots by the door, keys on the hook, heavy sigh, bathroom, chair, pats and acknowledgement. He does this every day, and has done this for the past few years without fail, no matter whose house they were in. Hannibal watches: *boots, keys, sigh*, but instead of heading to the bathroom, he walks straight to Hannibal. It throws Hannibal off.

"Open," Will says as he opens his belt and jeans.

And then it clicks. Hannibal is more than happy to oblige. He opens his mouth. Will's not necessarily aiming, so Hannibal has to chase the stream in order to keep his floors he just cleaned clean. Will groans softly in relief, watches as Hannibal drinks down what he's given. After he's done, he ticks himself back in, redoes his jeans and belt. He sits in his chair, scratches his head. Routine complete. Hannibal closes his eyes and leans into his touch. Urine drips down his chin and there's a few drops on his t-shirt.

"Thank you, sir," Hannibal hums.

“You’re welcome, baby girl.”

Hannibal enjoys Will’s wind down time, lost in the head scratches he was getting. He huffs softly when Will stops. He looks up at him as he sits up.

“Eyes up, ears open,” Will says. “Sir’s got a game planned. I see my basket of towels have been moved.”

Hannibal nods. “They’re on the other side of the couch. I assumed we would be needing them later.”

“You’re spot on. For now, you need to stay hydrated. I know you can be a good girl for me.”

“Yes, sir. Drink plenty of water . What’s the catch, if I may ask?”

“You may not relieve yourself without my permission.” He settles back in his chair. “Cup of coffee, please.”

Hannibal take that as his dismissal and heads to the kitchen to make Will’s coffee. He’s finished all of his chores so he decides to set up his drawing things at the coffee table. He fills up a comically huge mug of ice water, pops on a straw, and goes to take his place in front of Will at the table.

As he draws, he drinks without thinking about it. It’s in front of him and the straw stays in his mouth. He’s unsure how long he’s sitting there until his bladder starts protesting. It’s a full ache, but it’s not unmanageable yet. His cup is nearly empty, so he fills it and returns. He zones back out as he finishes his drawing of Will. The urge to go is a little more pressing now. He leans back against Will’s legs, and reaches down to pet him. Hannibal looks up. Despite Will’s book in his face, he knows he has his attention.

“Sir, may I use the bathroom?” he asks, reaching up to tug on his shirt.

“No, you may not,” Will says without missing a beat. “But what you can do is bring a glass of wine, a bottle of watee, and strip down when you come back.”

Hannibal tilts head, curiously. “Play?”

“Mhmm. For me to play with, yes. Go on now.”

Hannibal hurries back to the kitchen to exchange Will’s empty coffee cup with a full glass of his favorite wine and a bottle of water. He’s a little too eager for play, and Will chuckles, sipping his wine as watches Hannibal practically tear out of his clothes. Will motions for him to sit in his lap.

Hannibal sits, leans back against his handler. He relaxes as fingers stroke over his chest. His chest hair is pulled, and he yelps.

“Don’t do that! How would you like it if I pulled your pubes?”

Will retaliates for Hannibal's smart mouth by pressing on his full bladder. He squirms in his lap and apologizes. Will doesn't let up. He sits his wine on the table beside him, sits up to get in the drawer it has. He takes out a bottle of lube, squeezes a liberal amount in his hands. He strokes Hannibal's cock, nice and slow. Hannibal is unsure which to focus on, the growing need to relieve himself of the rough hand working his cock.

"Fuck, Sir. I—I really need to go," Hannibal tries again.

"That's too bad, baby girl."

Will continues to lazily stroke Hannibal's cock. He whines softly. The sound either goes unnoticed, or Will simply doesn't care. Hannibal is rock hard with a full bladder.

Will works him up, doesn't stop despite Hannibal's warning. He simply clamps his hand over his mouth to shut him up.

"I know exactly what I'm doing," he says, letting go right before Hannibal could come. "I know your body better than you know your own. Now," he starts, pulling Hannibal closer. "Go fill your cup up again and drink it all like a good girl."

Hannibal does as he's told. When he comes back, Will's got his cock out, and he's lazily stroking himself. Hannibal watches until he's acknowledged.

"Come," Will says after chugging his water. "Let's get you opened up so you can be my cockwarmer."

Hannibal quickly makes his way over, bends himself over Will's lap. He sits his water cup down on the floor, lays his head across folded arms. Will adjust him. There's pressure on his bladder, and he squirms. He feels cold lube squeezed onto his hole and it briefly shifts his focus from the aching need to pee. The first finger is fine. The second doesn't take long to adjust to. He expects a third, but instead, he's left empty and wet. Will's only half hard when he manhandles Hannibal onto his cock. They bend together so Hannibal pick up his water. He wiggles in Will's lap and drinks.

Will's cock is an insistent weight against his bladder, and as Will grows harder, no doubt from his squirming because Hannibal's uncomfortable, only made worse from the fact that Will's keeping him hard. His hands wrapped loosely around his cock, working it over nice and slow, just enough to keep him desperate and nowhere near enough to satisfy. He finishes his cup, and he fills so full, like he's going burst.

"Good girl," Will praises, haphazardly taking the cup and sitting aside.

Will wastes no time. He hooks his arms behind Hannibal's knees and brings his legs up. Will shifts beneath him.

"Sir, wait—!"

Will squeezes his thighs tight. Hannibal's plea falls on deaf ears as Will fucks up into him. Hannibal's head falls back against Will's shoulder. Will presses on his bladder, keeps a steady

pressure.

“Sir, I-I need—“ Hannibal whines, but his whine quickly turns into a moan as Will adjusted to angle for his prostate.

“You need to what, princess?” Will teases. “You need nothing more than to take what I give you.”

Will leaves no room for argument. Hannibal’s painfully hard now. Precome drips steadily down his cock. At the rough rate Will’s pounding him, he’s going to come too quick. He stammers through his warning as he feels the knot tighten quickly in his stomach. He sobs as he begs Will for permission for release. He’s fighting so hard until Will finally lets him. He comes in thick ropes across his chest and stomach, but the sweet wave of release comes to a dreadful realization.

He still, painfully so, needs to urinate. Will’s cock is making it even harder to hold back. He calls yellow.

Will stops immediately, sits them both up, but keeps Hannibal seated firmly on his cock.

“Talk to me darling,” he murmurs, arms wrapping around his chest.

Hannibal’s panting, still recovering from his orgasm. “I can’t hold it anymore, Sir. Please, please, please, may I relieve myself?” he begs.

Will kisses his shoulder, feels him smile against his heated skin. “Face me, baby girl. Sit on my thighs and brace yourself on my knees... Good girl.” Hannibal shifts his hips a little closer to Will to make his position more comfortable. Will takes both of their cocks in hand. “You may relieve yourself. You’ve done so good for me.”

Relief washes over Hannibal as he allows himself to relax. Will strokes their cocks together. A blush colors Hannibal’s cheeks as he moans in relief. He watches as urine soaks the bottom of Will’s shirt, his jeans. Will’s thrusting up into his hand now.

Hannibal never would have predicted this, Will coming to Hannibal pissing on him. Hannibal wants to do it again. Will wraps his arms around Hannibal, pulls him closer against him. He guides his head down to rest on his shoulder. Hannibal feels a fingers at his hole and then Will’s soft cock. He’s suddenly filled with warmth, and it takes a minute to realize that Will’s urinating inside him. Will grunts softly, fingers combing through his damp silver hair.

“Thank you, sir,” Hannibal hums.

“You’re welcome, baby girl. Let’s get cleaned up.”

Hannibal lifts himself up, just enough for the liquid inside to gush out before he sinks back down. “In a moment. Revel it. This will be the last time I willing sit in a puddle of my own mess.”

Sub!Hannibal

Chapter Summary

Based off of this post: https://twitter.com/dooms_daisy/status/1557977896043646981?s=21&t=fTVaWIoD2xHzItw_a9LfAg

Chapter Notes

Rated: Explicit

Warning: Con-NonCon

“Sir, wait—“

Hannibal cries out as Will pushes in. He’s not stretched nowhere near enough to comfortably accommodate Will’s size.

“Sh, sh, sh, you’re okay,” Will murmurs as he pulls Hannibal closer. “Be my good girl.”

Hannibal whines, but lifts himself up onto his knees, arches his back. Will’s not easy with him. His grip is tight on his hips, nails digging into his soft flesh. Tears threaten to spill. It *hurts*, more so than usual. When Will’s rough with him, he’s so used to being properly stretched. He feels like his hole is on fire. He *wants* to be good for Will, because he knows he needs this, needs to use him.

There comes a point where Hannibal tries to crawl away, gripping his silk sheets tight in an attempt to pull himself away from his handler. He doesn’t get very far. Will pulls him back towards the edge of the bed and pins him down.

“Sh, I know, baby girl. Sir knows he’s hurting you. You’re doing so good for me.”

Hannibal sobs into the mattress. “Please—I can’t! Sir, please!”

“Hush, sweetheart. Stay still for me.”

Again, Hannibal tries to crawl away. He is yanked back into a particularly hard thrust. He cries out as he is man handled back into position. A hand finds its way into his silvering hair, grips tightly.

Hannibal begs for Will to stop, let him go, but he please go ignored. He knew it wasn’t going to stop until he called red. But he doesn’t want to. Will does so much for him, it’s the least he

can do. He's a good girl, he can take it.

Besides, there's a small part of his brain telling him that he likes this rough fucking. His cock is hard, swinging between his legs.

Will's thrusts are rougher, faster. The grip in his hair doesn't allow him to move, only pull him back when he tries to move.

"A little longer, baby girl—I'm so close." Hannibal's crying now. "Oh, my gorgeous pet, I'm so sorry."

Will's spilling inside him, filling him up, and Hannibal releases a breath he hasn't realized he was holding. Will stays buried inside him, even as he shifts them so he could sit on the bed with Hannibal in his lap. He whimpers softly, hiding his face in Will's neck.

"Spread your legs, my love. I see you're throbbing. May I take care of you?"

"Please, sir?"

Will takes Hannibal's erection in hand, strokes slowly. He teases over the head with his thumb. Hannibal sighs softly, reaching back to wrap an arm around his handler's neck. Will presses gentle kisses along his neck, his shoulders, and upper back as he works him up to the edge. He's damn near his orgasm when Will *bites*. It sends Hannibal over, spilling into Will's waiting hand.

"You did so good for me, Hannibal. Thank you."

Hannibal's tired now, even more so since he had been asleep when Will barely stretched him open. "'m your good girl," he murmurs, laying his head on Will's shoulder to drift back off. His handler will get him cleaned up and taken care of.

"My very good girl," he hears Will say. Anything else goes unheard as he falls back asleep in Will's lap.

Werewolf! Will/Hannibal

Chapter Summary

Warning: Major Character Death, Suicide

“Any last words, dog?”

The situation was unavoidable, and Will knew it. Across from him was his mate, his human, his entire world, bound to a chair, a thick cloth keeping him silent. There was nothing he loved more in this world than Hannibal. He held his heart, his soul.

“My love, my heart will forever be yours.” Hannibal struggled against his binds, muffled noises that Will recognized as ‘please, no! Please!’ Will’s brows furrowed. “Sh, sh, sh, darling. You’ll hurt yourself. Stop that.”

Of course the last thing Hannibal would ever hear from Will would be about not hurting himself. He should have said something different, maybe an ‘I love you’ but Hannibal already knew that. A hand punched right through Will’s chest, fingers wrapped around his heart. It was ripped out of his chest and placed neatly on his lap. Will’s brain was still processing, and the last thing he saw was the horrified look on Hannibal’s face.

Hannibal stares at the mantle piece above his fireplace, swirls his drink around in his glass. *My heart will forever be yours.* It’s been years and he still can’t shake the image out of his head, of his husband with a fist sized hole in his chest, bound to a chair just as he had been, with his heart spurting the last three pumps of blood across Will’s stomach. And then there it sat, his heart, placed so gently in his lap.

Now it sits in a jar, preserved, as it has been since that day his wolf was murdered in front of him. Hannibal has long since gotten his revenge, but it still hurts, he still aches, he still *yearns*. Hannibal downs his whiskey, pours himself another, and makes his way to the backyard. There’s a rose bush that grows near the porch. It’s flowers are a dark red, a red so dark, they look almost black. Hannibal has never been a gardener, but he takes good care of this rose bush, because it is his mate who has given the rose bush it’s life. It grows healthy and strong. Within its branches, protected by the thorns of the bush, is Will’s issued .45 and badge. Hannibal sits and he carefully reaches his hand inside to pick up the gun.

The years have been hard on Hannibal without Will here with him. He toys with the safety. He knows it’s loaded and ready to go—he has checked every day since he buried Will. And every day he thinks about turning the safety off, pressing the barrel to his head. *There’ll be another*, he’s been told, and he knows that is a lie. There is no ‘another’ for him. It is Will,

and it will always be Will. He sits his glass down on the grass and lays beside the bush. He turns the gun over and over, watching the sun reflect off its barrel. He toggles the safety switch off, stares at that red dot for a moment. He always talks himself out of it. He's tired. He's lonely. His heart aches for his wolf, for his mate. He remembers the fun times they had, where they sit in this very spot he lay, drunk and howling at the moon. The play fighting they engage in that kept them on their toes. He thinks about the fights and arguments, making up with soft kisses. The times he's been made to take all that Will is—was.

He is tired of missing Will. He pulls the trigger.

Domestic Hannigram

Chapter Summary

A twit fic I did about Will using smokeless tobacco.

Hannibal looks up when he hears tapping. It's an odd kind of sound, one he's never heard before. He sits down his coffee pot, watches his Will, barefoot and no shirt, curls strewn every which way, open up a small tin. The smell of mint is overwhelmingly strong as he pinches the contents inside. He watches as Will curls his lower lip down, something he's never seen before. He packs in the substance between his lip and gum. Will examines the tin before ultimately adding more. Some is in his beard, some is still on his plush lower lip. contents inside. When spits into an empty bottle he pulls from his back pocket, Hannibal realizes exactly what it was. Tobacco, or 'chew' as he's heard the man refer to it as.

"That is a disgusting habit, Will," Hannibal groans.

Will rolls his eyes. "Jack called, and I'm not dealing with him without nicotine."

Will walks over to Hannibal for his morning kiss but the older man ducks away. "I'm not kissing you with that in your mouth."

"Awe come on, baby. 'T's no worse than you kissing me after a smoke, and at least I'll taste minty fresh." Will smiles, chases after him again. "Promise you won't see my spitters around the house."

Hannibal scoffs as he circles around his island to avoid Will, but Will takes two quick steps and catches his arm in one strong hand. He looks down into blue eyes, wide with a playfulness he doesn't see often. How can he not give in. Will knows he's one when Hannibal sighs. It's not like their normal kiss, just gentle press of lips together, just small part that allows Hannibal a little taste of wintergreen tobacco. Will's hands slide to his waist, where he squeezes tight enough to make the older man groan. And just as quick as Will had caught him, he let him go.

"If you could do me a favor. Stop by the gas station today and pick me up three cans of Grizzly Wintergreen. If they're out, Stoker's Mint works too," Will says as he puts on his socks and boots. "I've got enough to get me through the day and that's completely unacceptable.

Hannibal blinks. "I am not picking up your tobacco. I'm not risking my reputation for that."

Hannibal feels so out of place, standing in this dirty gas station in his expensive bespoke suit. He is being side eyed in line as he glances around the customer in front of him at the tobacco wall. When it's his turn, he sighs.

"Can I get three cans of Grizzly Wintergreen?"

The man behind the counter hesitates, eyes Hannibal up and down, and he is much more aware of how wrong it looks for him to be buying snuff. "I've got two."

"Fine. Two cans of Stoker's Mint, too. Might as well make it even." Again, the man hesitates and Hannibal feels the need to state, "It's not for me, it's for my boyfriend. This is the price I pay for dating a man from Louisiana." That seemed to clear things up as the cashier gets him rang up, asks for his ID despite it is obvious he is of age to buy tobacco.

"You buyin' his dip, you might as well pick him up a beer!"

"No, thank you, I make my own beer for his enjoyment. Have a nice day."

Hannibal storms off. God, he's never doing this again.

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